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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1804.

NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

[Continued from Page 125.

WHEN I came within sight of the parsonage, my sensation nearly overcame me. Here I once fondly hoped to have found the same domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but mark the mutability of human bliss! The spot, so lately the abode of happiness and of innocence, now appeared the seat of silence and solitude, of sorrow and of death. —Scarce had I resolution to approach the house; for although I well knew the resignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recal those scenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his painful task. The villagers were assembled on the green, dressed in their neatest clothes, and those who could afford it in black. There was not a whisper heard among them; the tear rolled down their honest cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret.

A lane was formed for me as I passed along; we interchanged not a word; I cast 'my eyes upon the ground;' they wept aloud. I was so much affected that I could scarcely sit upon my horse, and leaving him at a cottage when I got through them, I went to the parsonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a servant in the hall, he pointed to the parlour and retired.

I advanced towards it—the door was half open, and sliding softly in, a spectacle presented itself whose impression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria;—the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold. Maria's lifeless hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corpse was fixed his streaming eyes. A considerable shade was thrown over the room; the windows that looked upon the green being closed up, but through the garden window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold; his countenance was pale and languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning light; and his hair, which had early became white, was scattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead.—I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow; but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it best not to interrupt him; and was therefore going to retire; when suddenly rising up, he exclaimed, "Farewell, my Maria! Thou that wert the solace of my age, farewell! Oh, if thy unbodied spirit still hovers o'er this scene of things, be present to thy afflicted father; pour comfort in his wounded bosom; to do this will be thy paradise, Maria, and shure thou hast met with thy reward. What if unavailing regret still tortures this distracted heart, still brings thy injured form to view, yet through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope; I will meet thee, O my daughter, in Heaven! God of mercies hear me!"—"He will, he will, thou good old man, (I cried) he will listen to thy prayers."—Arnold started—"It is thou, my son!" he said; and falling upon my neck he wept; then presently recovering himself he advanced with composure towards the coffin:—"Come hither, (he cried) and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty;—see my son, what one step from rectitude of conduct has produced; see the unfortunate Maria."—I advanced, and kneeling down, kissed the pale hand of Maria; a sweet serenity dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be asleep. I would have spoken, but I could not; I sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold observing this, seized my arm, ordering the coffin to be screwed down, conveyed me into another room——Here, in a little time, I recovered some calmness of mind, and Arnold taking me by the hand, desired me to collect all my fortitude; "I go to bury my Maria, (he said) but let not the murmurings of discontent break in upon the sacred rite;" so saying he quitted the room, and giving orders for the procession, proceed to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white satin, and here half a dozen young women, dressed in black with white sashes, supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sung a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted, than in the features of this mournful group. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

. . . . . The bell
Of death beat slow! . . . . . .
It paused now, and now with rising knell
Flung on the hollow gale its sullen sound.

MASON.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

REMARKABLE.

SEVERAL years since, in Mexico, a person was apprehended for the crime of murder, and upon trial was found guilty by the court; and accordingly was condemned to die. As the nature and circumstances of the offence, in view of the court, demanded death arrayed in all its terrors; they sentenced him to be broken upon the wheel: a mode of punishment sometimes practised in that place.

When the time of execution arrived, the unhappy victim was placed upon the wheel, which, by gradual and forcible turning, by degrees, bruised his flesh and broke his bones; until to all present appearance he was really dead. The body was then, agreeably to the custom of the place, delivered to the surgeons present, for the purpose of dissection, or any other experiments, for the improvement of their art.

These gentlemen retired by themselves from the place of execution to the destined place of operation, where the body was conveyed and presented before them. Immediately upon which, one of them suspected he discovered signs of remaining life, and communicated his suspicion to the rest.—This occasioned a suspension of their proposed labors, and a careful attention to all the symptoms and appearances of the body; until at length they all perceived some evidential tokens of real life! After a solemn pause and a few moments reflection, they are

led, perhaps partly by curiosity, and partly by humanity, to direct their experiments in a different way, and labor to discover from what near embraces of death a person might be restored to life. With all due deligence and care they now applied their medical skill to repair, cherish and support the almost extinguished principles of life. Their exertions succeeded. The man, in spite of wounds and loss of blood, actually revived, and in a few hours time emerged from the shades and pangs of death, to the sensible light of life. In repairing his broken body, much time and labor was employed, and a number of surgical operations became indispensably necessary, which were performed with safety and success. Both his legs and one of his arms were amputated. But strange, however, as it may seem, his numerous wounds and lacerated body, in process of time, became healed, and he was favored with a considerable share of health. But these medical saviours of the man, after having succeeded in their undertakings, are still left in perplexity and danger. They had expended much to recover the unhappy man, but he was utterly unable and disqualified to compensate them. He was likely to be a bill of expence in future, and to maintain him secretly during his life, they could not submit to; and to throw him upon the public for support they dare not, for this would discover their conduct, and expose them to punishment.

But, as necessity is the parent of invention, the following expedient was suggested and readily pursued, to disburden themselves of further trouble and cost. They secretly conveyed him to a remote part of the country, and left him by the way-side to subsist on the charity of travellers. At or near the same place, during several years, he was known as a miserable beggar. His mangled body and forlorn condition excited sentiments of pity and commiseration in all who beheld him, and drew forth the tribute of charity from many.

At a certain time, a gentleman of fortune happened to pass that way, and was solicited by the beggar for alms. Upon which he readily threw him down a few pieces of money, and was about to pass on: but was delayed by another request. "Kind sir," said the beggar, in a piteous tone, "I have lost all my limbs in the service of my country, and have not, as you see, so much as a hand to help myself, (for he had concealed his remaining hand behind him) do be kind enough to put the money, you gave me, into my purse."—The gentleman immediately descended from his carriage, stepped to him, and was stooping to perform the requested kindness, when to his surprise, he discovered the shadow of a man's hand! Instantly starting back, he was astonished to see that this trunk of a man, possessing only one limb, held clenched in his hand a short bludgeon, lifted up in an attitude for a fatal stroke!—He charged him with a murderous design, which was peremptorily denied. However, without further delay, he took up this strange figure of a man, cast him into his carriage, and transported him to the next inn, which was not a great distance. There having arrived, he related all the wonderful and suspicious circumstances of the affair, to a number of persons, who, with himself, went into a most careful and close examination of the man, but without success. They could obtain no confession of any criminal design. He was then searched, and in one of his pockets they found a shrill-sounding whistle, which was the only discovery they could make. This, however, led to various surmises and conjectures; the most probable of which was, that the sound of the whistle was a token to some of his accomplices in wickedness. Therefore, the gentleman, taking the whistle in his hand, returned with a number of armed men to the noted spot, where his life had been so eminently in jeopardy.——When they had advantageously placed themselves, the whistle was sounded, and suddenly there arose, apparently from beneath the ground, in the midst of a contigious thicket of brush and wood, two men, armed with weapons of death! These were immediately fired upon with success. They both instantly fell. On proceeding to the spot where they first made their appearance, by careful search was discovered a secret aperture in the earth, which, by a winding course, led to a vault beneath, of considerable dimensions.—They descended the circuitous darksome passage, until they came to the dismal cell! There they unexpectedly found, in addition to much ill-gotten treasure, two young women, emaciated and sick with the unhealthy damps of their abode: worn down with grief, and pale with sorrow! These were brought forth to the light, and suddenly their sad countenances were changed with the prospect of deliverance. Their visible effusions of gladness and gratitude for the approach of their new and unexpected visitors, sufficiently bore testimony to their innocence. They then gave information in what a violent and cruel manner they had been taken and dragged to that awful cavern of wickedness, where they had been barbarously confined and treated for a number of months, by the two ruffians just now killed. During which time they testified, that many dead bodies, which fell by the one-handed assassin by the way-side, had been brought there, stripped of their clothing and deposited in such and such places; which upon searching for the remains, were found to be real facts!

Having made these discoveries, the company returned with the young women, and carried with them the dead bodies of the ruffians to the inn, before-mentioned, where they had left the dismembered assassin-beggar. And no sooner were these bloody and breathless remains of his companions in guilt, placed before him, than he was struck with trembling and horror!

The hope of any longer concealing his abandoned perfidy and crimes was suddenly blown out: He immediately confessed a dark catalogue of the most base crimes, which he had committed under circumstances, which rendered his guilty conduct the most aggravated conceivable! From his own mouth it appeared, that he had once justly been sentenced to death for the crime of murder; and had been actually placed upon the wheel and broken, and had in an almost miraculous manner survived the torture and recovered to health, with the loss of one arm and both legs! After which, lost to all sense of guilt and danger (though he bore their marks on his mangled body) he joined a band of bloody assassins!—And, because, least suspected by his helpless appearance and condition, he was emboldened to become the principal actor in the horrid crime of murder!—Many fell a sacrifice to the inhuman cruelty of this monster of treachery and wickedness, in an unexpected moment; even while they were stooping before him in the friendly act of charity and kindness!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wag as it will,
The world for me.—OLD BALLAD.

SO says *Robert*—so said Monsieur *Scarron*—so said *Rabelais*;—and so says every man, who loves the bread of quietness, who has a vine or figtree of his own, or does not trouble himself more about his neighbor's fruit-garden, than his own rood of potatoes. It is this fashionable dipping into politics, hunting for chapters of accidents in newspapers, racing through every nook and corner of towns and cities, and meddling with what belongs more to the man in the moon, than to us; that makes so many wry faces, thin carcasses and long funerals. Out upon you, sons of spleen, misanthropy, mischance and melancholy; consider what a fuss you are making in this fruitful world, and what clouds and darkness you are raising at noon day! What with grumbling men, fidgetting women, sighing lovers, and swearing politicians, things have come to a fine pass, and moralists have their hands full of business, and they are welcome to it; for *Robert* has no idea of standing centinel on a steeple, to watch the weather-cock. If the folly of a few has produced madness in the many, let that be settled between Mr. Wiseacre and Mr. Noacre. *Robert* has long since thrown his cares to the wind, and now jogs on, through the many and the few, as happy as you please. Let those talk of *insensibility*, who plague themselves with brooding over the most trivial occurrences; cursing their stars for evils of their own begetting; and

snarling at their neighbors, for being happier than themselves. Yes, let such petty philosophers rave, and shake hands with Zeno and Zantippe: as for *Robert*, he continues his song:—

"Wag as it will
The world for me," &c.

There is a neighbor of mine, whose face is the saddest picture of distress your eyes ever beheld. This moment he passes my window, looking as if pinched by the tongs of Dunstan. Such a rueful and woe begone countenance is only to be found in Hogarth's picture of famine, or a sketch of the Rump-Parliament. Yet, believe me, few people have better means for a rosy face and laughing eye. He has a wife of comely form and notable disposition; children healthy and affectionate; and Providence has blessed him from the upper and nether spring. Notwithstanding all this, the old fellow is forever repining; trembles at the mention of a jail, and nearly starves, through fear of famine. He once, it is true, lost an old barn by fire; but then, that same season, a vessel of his arrived from a voyage, in which she had "cleared" him a thousand pounds. But, alas! he can never forget the old barn, and at the cry of fire starts, as if bit by a mad dog. As to his dress and living, I have no concern with them; but his manners and morals are too infectious and disgraceful to pass unnoticed.

"Methinks," says a mumping moralist, "this man eateth the bread of carefulness." That is all true enough, sir; but the old father of proverbs hath observed, "that the liberal soul shall be made fat;" and "that he that watereth shall be water'd also himself;" and further, (for Sancho Panza is not a greater lover of proverbs) "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken." Now, sir, is there any thing like a merry heart, a liberal soul, or a watering disposition in this man? Unless a leaky eye and sniveling nose are exhibitions of gratitude and a merry heart, the master sign is not to be found about him, and he will be lif ed, like a dead weight, into the scale of retribution. From such men, in the church service, let us ever exclaim, "Good Lord deliver us."

Will Wagstaff is a very different sort of being; he is one of those easy, industrious and happy souls, who take time as it goes; though the present is not the horrizon that bounds his views. "He sings a little, and works a little, and laughs a little"--and swigs the pleasures of life, though his draught is no better than small beer, or purling water. If in company with a grave physiognomist, it makes no odds—he fears not a discovery of what he is; nor lengthens he the rotundity of his face, to suit the gravest son of morality. "Bless your soul," says *Will*, "let's be happy while we can—none of your whining boys, this is a time for laughter; unless you have lost some near friend, or been guilty of some very bad trick; in which case, solitude and sobriety are much more becoming."

All for scattering roses and sun-beams through his journey, he steps not aside, unless by so doing he helps a fallen brother, or heightens his own felicity. You may talk to him about gravity and demure faces, from sun-rise 'till sun-set; it stops not a single pleasure, or draws from him any other ejaculation than—"You are an odd fellow." —O! tempora, O! mores, like the adventures of *Capt. Kid*, or the cruelties of *Barbara Allen*, are chanted by him, as witticisms on the mopers of the age. In sober truth, our friend *Will* knows nothing of that complaint, which maketh the heart sick. He is conscious that many noisy patriots long to be fat pensioners, that many great men have little souls, and that many white faces conceal black hearts, but has too great a value for his own peace and happiness, not to be on good terms with virtue and vigilance.—He rises with a smiling countenance, and goes to bed humming the chorus of some cheerful song.

A mathematician may solve a problem before him, nay, under his very nose; and that too, with all the flourish of argument and assurance of pedantry:—*Will* whistles at his own ignorance of crooks and angles, grams and diagrams, spheriods and hyperboles; he does not bite his nails nor curse his schoolmaster for not having forced him beyond tare and tret; but rather thanks God that he is not like that man, elated by soap-bladders and entangled by cob-webs.

ROBERT RECONNOITRE.

—⊕—

An account of the sale of the fair Circassians, the most beautiful women in the world.

CAFFA, or as it is now called by its original name, Theodocia, is the great market for Circassian slaves, who have been destined for ages to be brought to the market of Caffa, like any other kind of merchandize; and what is most remarkable in this revolting business is, that these beauties, so famous in Eastern story, are brought in vast numbers every year by their own parents and sold at from two to four thousand Turkish piasters (about 5 shillings sterling each) in proportion to their charms.

As I am sure that a *mistress market* must be a curious subject to the polished nations of Europe, I shall give a specimen of the manner in which it is carried on, in the very words of Mr. Keelman, a German merchant.

"The fair Circassians, says Mr. Keelman, of whom three were offered me for sale in 1768, were brought from their own chamber into mine, (as we all lodged in the same inn) one after another, by the Armenian merchant who had to dispose of them. The first was very well dressed, and had her face covered in the Oriental stile. She kissed my hand by order of the master, and then walked backward and forward in the room to show me her fine shape, her pretty small foot, and her elegant carriage. She then lifted up her veil, and absolutely surprised me by her extreme beauty. Her hair was fair, with fine large blue eyes; her nose a little aqualine, with pouting red lips. Her features were regular, her complexion fair and delicate, and her cheeks covered with a fine natural vermillion, of which she took care to convince me by rubbing them hard with a cloth. Her neck I thought a little too long; but, to make amends, the finest bosom and teeth in the world, set off the other charms of this beautiful slave, for whom the Armenian asked four thousand Turkish piasters, but permitted me to feel her pulse to convince me that she was in perfect health; after whice she was ordered away, when the merchant assured me that she was a pure virgin of eighteen years of age.

"I was more surprised, probably, than I ought to have been (as common usage renders every thing familiar) at the perfect indifference with which the inhabitants of Caffa beheld this traffick in beauty, that had shocked me so much, and at their assuring me, when I seemed affected at the practice, that it was the only method which parents had of bettering the state of their handsome daughters, *destined at all events to the Haram*; for that the rich Asiatick gentleman, who pays four thousand piasters for a beautiful mistress, treats and prizes her as an earthly houri, in perfect conviction, that his success with the houries of paradise entirely depends on his behavior to the sisterhood on earth, who will bear testimony against him in case of ill-treatment: in short, that by being disposed to rich Musselmen, they were sure to live in affluence and ease the rest of their days, and in a state by no means degrading in mahometan countries, where their prophet has permitted the seraglio: but that on the contrary, if they fall into the hands of their own feudal lords, the barbarous inhabitants of their own native mountains, which it is very difficult for beauty to escape, their lot was comparatively wretched, as those rude chieftains have very little respect or generosity towards the fair sex."

POLEMIC SOCIETY.

Lancaster, January 28, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, and discussed the following Question:—

"*Would the Constitution of Pennsylvania be more perfect, if the Senate were abolished?*"

And after a lengthy debate, it was determined in the negative, by a large majority.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"*Is a knowledge of the dead languages a necessary part of education?*"

By Order of the Society,

JAMES M'CULLOUGH, *Sec'ry.*

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

Please insert the following in '*The Hive*,' and oblige A READER.

WINTER AMUSEMENT.

NOW fleeting in air the Snow fast descending
Soon fills the wide space of creation, defending
The face of all Nature, by spreading around
A coat of her snowy fleece, cov'ring the ground:
And securing to Man the bounties of Heaven,
To appreciate truly the blessings thus given;
The hard teeming Earth, her bosom froze over,
At once to the view of mortals discover
That something is wanting its gifts to secure,
And the Fruits that in embryo lie, to mature.

Tho' the inclement season bids winter assume
Its pow'r supreme, still the wide spreading gloom
Of trees leafless & bare, and fields cover'd with snow,
Enhances, by contrast, the joys they bestow;
But the joys of the season, by contrast alone
Are never confin'd; for pleasures her own
Spontaneously flow, and the swift fleeting sleigh,
Skims o'er the glib surface and pleasures display;
Such innocent joys adds a zest to the charms,
That enlivens all nature and winter disarms,
Of her fiercest extreme, unfelt the keen breeze,
Or if felt, freely borne 'midst amusements that please;
There joys far superior to winter's bleak air,
Are known and enjoy'd, and unclouded by care;
To please and be pleas'd, the glad company round,
Are in mirth, and good humor, and harmony found,
And as thus o'er the snow skims swiftly along,
The fast gliding sleigh with a jovial throng
Of lads and sweet lasses determin'd to join,
In a chorus of joys from the purest design;
When fatigued with the jaunt, the ball-room invites
And opens new pleasures, new joys and delights;
And now hand in hand their pleasures enhance,
Each youth and his partner prepares for the dance,
The heel nimbly bounding light trips o'er the flour,
And to joys lately known is adding still more.—
But while *pleasure* progresses, *time* quick interposes,
Proclaims to disperse, and to rest soon composes
The company all, who his order obey,
And in sweet sleep forgets the fatigues of the day.

J. E.

EPIGRAM,

On a very fair Lady, whose Husband was a Drunkard.

HOW comes it, that in CLARA'S face,
The *Lily* only has a place?
It is because the absent *Rose*,
Is gone to grace her husband's NOSE!

LINES

To a beautiful little Girl of four years old sitting in her Baby-house, surrounded by her Playthings.

LITTLE queen of infant pleasure,
Smiling on thy seat of treasure;
Happy in each fancied blessing,
More than monarchs worlds possessing.
Culling sweets from every rose
That in thy fairy garden grows;
Thy breast as yet untaught by sighs,
To check the transports as they rise.
No dread thy little bosom fills,
Of physical or moral ills;
With pure delight thy eye surveys,
The splendid toys that round thee blaze;
Nor could a richer joy be thine,
Did all Potosia yield her mine.
Thy tiny cup of silver brings,
A sweeter draught than cups of kings;
The doll for whom thy love prepares,
These emblems of maternal cares:
For whom this little board is spread,
For whom thou deck'st this little bed,
Obedient to thy magic wand,
Still eats and sleeps at thy command;
And tho' thou play'st the mother's part,
No mother's pang corrodes thy heart.
Oh! ever might thy future years
Be thus exempt from hopes and fears;
Thus, with smooth current glide away,
While beams of joy thus round thee play;
But thou a *blended* lot must share,
And with the blessing take the care.
Then lovely Mary, hug thy toys,
Unsullied source of infant joys!
And, whilst thou canst, the pleasure keep,
To lull thy waxen babe asleep.

HUMORIST.

MR. JOKISH and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen of London, went to West-Chester fair to lay a little money out; and being there one night, the chamberlain of the inn where they lodged, happened to conduct them thro' an apartment, where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so very long shanked, that his legs were half-way out at the foot of the bed; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humor with them. And as soon as they came into the next room where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we'll take care of the candle ourselves. So, when the chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bed-fellow with his design. Did you observe (says he) the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out of the foot of the bed? Yes, replied Jackson, and what then? If you'll hold the candle at the door, answered Jokish, and light me and take it away at my signal, I'll show you some diversion. With all my heart, replied Jackson. So, both of them pulled off their slippers, to prevent making a noise. And as soon as Jokish came into the room where the two men lay, he spies by the bed-side a pair of spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of the bed, and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons to Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives Teague (for it happened to be an Irishman) a good hard pinch upon the same foot he had put the spur on. The Irishman at this began to growl confoundedly; and hauling up his feet into the bed, though not awaked, he scratched his bed-fellows legs sadly with the spur; who being a Scotchman, roars out in a great passion, 'De'el take you, sir, gen ye'se not gang out of the bed and cut your toe-nails, I'll throw you out of the window!' The Irishman being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what passed, soon after thrust down his legs as they were before. Then Jokish gave him t'other pinch by the toe, and up the Irishman hauls his feet again, and scratched the Scotchman's legs as before; at which the Scotchman began to pommel the Irishman heartily. Presently after the Irishman rolling his feet about the bed struck the rowler of his spur into his own leg, which thoroughly awaked him. At this he, with some surprise, putting his hand down to feel what was the matter with his foot, cried out in a very great passion—"Arrah, honey, but the hostler of dish inn ish a very great rascal! for he pulled off both my boots, and like a great rogue, has left one of my spurs on!"

PINK STOCKINGS.

THE only sign of modesty in the present dress of the ladies, is the pink die of the stockings, which make their legs apppear to blush for the total want of petticoats. *Lon. Pap.*

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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An apprentice wanted to the *Printing Business*, at this office.—He will receive good treatment.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
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CHARLES M'DOWELL,
AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.